

MAROON ORACLE

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NO. 5



The above is a picture of the Maroon Oracle Staff of 1950-51: N. Wold, H. Ripley, W. Golus, B. Schroeber, R. Mills, O. Lariso, E. Smith, S. Klinkmen, S. Barnhart, N. Hollnberger, P. Golus, L. Cleveland, J. Karl, J. Leroy, M. Luke, Miss, Adv., P. Di Bease, B. Kinner, J. Seaward, N. Wright, J. Suckow, R. Faisant, D. Nichols, B. Wichlac, M. Mutton, C. Ceppaglia, S. Callilo, N. Astri.

GIRLS SPORTS Old English L

The Old English L Club is organized and is looking forward to a successful year. The new constitution is to be approved, and a dance and party are in the offing.

This year's officers include: President—Marjorie Weaver, Vice President—Janet Leroy, Secretary—Helene Budzynski, and Treasurer—Nancy Wright.

Well, girls, volleyball is over and now our basketball is starting. Our first games were held last Friday. All of the teams look fine and the freshman teams, who are playing for the first time, are beating sophomore, junior, and senior teams. Of course, everybody is so excited that she walks with the ball, but that's just a minor detail. Get on your high horse, girls, and let's see lots of action in sports this year!

SENIOR CHRISTMAS CARD SALE

The Christmas card sale has been rather successful. The majority of the seniors have been doing their part in supporting this class function. A total of \$500 has been turned in by the three senior homerooms. Miss Van Name's homeroom came out on top with \$200, followed by Mr. Nitchke's homeroom with \$162.50, and Miss Warner's homeroom with \$134.50. A profit of about \$250 is expected. Nice going, seniors! Keep up the good work.

LIBRARY NEWS

The Library Club for 1950-1951 has elected the following officers:

President: Gail Butler
Vice President: Dorothy Olszewski
Secretary: Bette Culver
Treasurer: Esther Hutchinson

DENTAL HYGIENE PROGRAM AT L. H. S.

We are glad to welcome to Lancaster High School, Dorothy Arbogast and Lee Box, dental hygienists from the State University Institute of Arts and Sciences on Elmwood Avenue in Buffalo. They are both from Williamsville and are seniors at the Institute. This is their second cooperative training—Miss Arbogast's first training being at the Veterans' Hospital and Miss Box's at School 44.

A dentist's chair has been set up in the examining room, and starting with the seventh grade, these girls are going to examine our teeth, giving a prophylactic treatment, which means scaling, cleaning, or polishing teeth. Colfax children will also come here for treatment.

Miss Box and Miss Arbogast will be around to different classes, especially health classes, to show pupils how to brush teeth and to give other valuable instructions. They will also be happy to give information about the course in dental hygiene to anyone interested in that line of work.

DISCUSSION CLUB NEWS

If you've been hearing loud roars coming from Miss Van Name's room during the eighth period on Monday, do not be alarmed because it's just the Discussion Club in action.

Because of the very large enrollment this year, we have two classes. One meets on Monday, while the other meets on Wednesday.

Our moderator is Miss Van Name, and Monday's officers are as follows:

President: Donald Lein
Vice President: "Judy" Suckow
Secretary: Carol Putman
Treasurer: Ronald Volker
Wednesday's officers are:
President: Edward Kucio
Vice Pres.: "Judy" Horn
Treasurer: Nancy Wright

EDITORIAL

CHRISTMAS SPIRIT

According to established tradition, Christmas falls on December 25. Around Christmas time, people put on a special suit of actions, good deeds, and extra friendly attitudes toward others. They wear this suit from about December 15 to January 1, and then hang it up in a closet until the next Christmas. The name given to this suit is Christmas Spirit. Now, why hang it up? Why not wear it all year long? In other words, let's have Christmas spirit the whole year round. Let's have the same attitude toward people in March, June, or September as we do during Christmas time.

If we join this campaign for Christmas Spirit, we will be rewarded with handsome dividends. No, we won't be given a money prize or a new hot-rod, but we will be rewarded with the greatest gift a person could want — friends.

So, come on, students, continue to wear those cheery smiles that are appearing now, and just to prove to yourselves the dividends they pay, mark down the names of your true friends this Christmas, smile and be cheery all through 1951, and then see how the list of true friends grows. Make Christmas Spirit all year long your number one New Year's resolution. The staff of the "Maroon Oracle" wishes for all the Students of L.H.S. the cheeriest of Christmases and the happiest of New Years!

THE "STUFF"

Every day since the thought entered my mind, I wondered, will it work? How long will it take? Do I have the "stuff"? Finally, the day arrived. I put the "stuff" on the table. Slowly but surely I prepared each part. Afterwards, while heating it, I wondered if all the "stuff" was in. The crucial period approached. I tested it every minute until at last I got what I wanted. I set the "stuff" out to cool and tried to relax. When it reached the proper temperature, I mixed in the final ingredient and then went to bed.

I slept fitfully. I dreamed of how the "stuff" would affect me. My father might throw me out of the house; it might make my mother, sister, friends, and relatives very ill. "After she tastes the 'stuff,' my girl won't talk to me," I thought.

Finally, morning came. I rushed downstairs. I feared the worst. I got the worst. Even the dog wouldn't touch it. The fudge I made for the Christmas holidays turned out, not like a snowflake, but like a hailstone. It was so hard I wished it was round so that I could use it for a bowling ball. So, I leave you with this bit of advice: If you want candy for Christmas, buy it.

Edward Kucio

CHRISTMAS TIME

A Christmas tree with tinsel bright,
A holly wreath with bow tied tight,
A house just full of Christmas cheer
With children hoping Santa's

THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS (with variations)

'Twas the night before Christmas
And all through the house,
Not a creature was stirring,
'Cept Granpaw's pet louse.
The stockings were hung
By the window with care;
They were worn for six weeks
And they needed the air.
The children were nestled
All snug in their beds,
'Cause Papa came in and
dropped
Rocks on their heads.
Mama in her kerchief and
I in my cap, had just
Settled down for a
Long winter's nap,
When out on the lawn
There arose such a clatter,
I sprang from my bed
To see what
Was the matter.
Away to the window
I flew like a flash,
Tripped on the rug,
Gave my head a big gash.
Then what to my bloodshot
Eyes did appear, but
A miniature sleigh
With a keg of cold beer.
It wasn't St. Nicholas —
It wasn't old Santa.
It was my wife's Uncle Louie
Who came cause he hadda
Escape from the jail,
The dear little "souse."
Why, instead of St. "Nick,"
Did he come to my house?
"Bud" Schroeder

near.
The stockings hanging in a
row
And folks all praying there'll
be snow.
Good things to eat like nuts
and candy
And pudding with a sauce of
brandy.
Fond Marra saying, "Are cards
all sent?"
Poor papa protesting, "The
money's all spent!"
The church bells ringing deep
and low
To herald that birth of long
ago;
And heavenly choirs with
voice sublime —
Yes, all these things mean
Christmas Time.

"Judy" Suckew



29 WEST MAIN STREET LANCASTER, NEW YORK

HEED THOU CHRISTMAS SHOPPER

Henry Hipplestein, finally making the door,
Gasp'd a sigh of relief as he reached the main floor.

'Twas the night before Christmas with his shopping to do;

The store was a mad-house and he wished he were through.

The first on the list was sweet granny's sachet

Which was long ago put on the store lay-away.

He pushed through the crowd but no headway could make.

His feet became weary and his head "sure" did ache.

When he lost his good wallet while struggling for air,

Henry left the first floor in a state of despair.

He searched for the toys, for "Joe" wanted a train,

But the racket and noise nearly drove him insane!

On to the counter that sold lingerie —

Dear wifey had hinted — and now he must pay.

The clerk, so intriguing, was so sweet and so coy.

He almost forgot he was no more a "BOY!"

Son Walter's toboggan, costing \$12.98

Immediately got stuck in the elevator gate.

The manager came running — he threatened to sue;

Henry really was worried — his embarrassment grew.

The closing bell sounded — his list incomplete;

CHEMICAL ANALYSIS

Element—Woman.

Occurrence—Found wherever man exists. Seldom in a free state: with few exceptions in the combined state.

Physical Properties—All colors, shapes, sizes, and ages. Usually in disguised condition. Face covered with a thin film of composite material. Boo-hoos at nothing and may freeze at any moment; however, melts when properly treated. Very bitter if not well used.

Chemical Properties — Very active and usually highly unstable. Possesses a great affinity for gold, silver, platinum, precious stones, or anything of value. Violent reaction when left alone. Undissolved by liquids, but activity greatly stimulated when treated with spirits solution. Sometimes yields to pressure. Fresh variety has great magnetic attraction.

Caution — Highly explosive when in inexperienced hands.

The End

He staggered to the door on his blistering feet.

His bundles he clutched with a grip like a vice;

The words that he muttered were not very nice.

The moral of this silly, but grim little tale,

For all you late shoppers — especially, ye male, is

Start early to squander, spend all your dough.

If you wait 'til the last day, your luck will run low!!

Jean Seaward

ATTENTION

ATTENTION Juniors: Van Tilburg Clark has had published a book of short stories including his "Portable Phonograph". You may meet that soon, and all the rest that are included come close to that very high standard. It is entitled "The Watchful Gods and Other Stories".

All books mentioned in the above article are to be found at the Lancaster Public Library.

Happy Readin'

L. H. S. ORIGINALITY

Our "super-sleuth-snooper" has overheard these original witticisms between our L. H. S. students.

"But I can't dance".

"I gotta hang paper."

"I cawn't say 'yes', because I want to see how many girls will ask me".

"Dance? What dance"?

"Well gee—I'm not sure — I don't think I can — I'll let you know in a couple of months".

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FAVORITE SAYINGS

Miss Warner — "Place your bets now; you are all going to fail!!"

Miss Smedley—"Stop waving those feet, girls, I'm getting seasick."

Mr. Simon—"Well, now um—Very good—Very good—"

Nunie Astri—"Let's have a party".

"Sock" S. — "My name is Wa-Wa-Wa-Walter".

"Bill" Golus — "Think I'd like an arange (orange)."

"Rich" H. — "Nobody ever told me".

Marcia M.—"If I don't get home, I'll get killed".

Janet L.—"When will I see him?"

"Cleo" S. — "How sickening".

"Jackie" R. — "O, my gollies".

Betty B.—"It pays to advertise."

"Ronnie" M.—"Hiya, baby!"

CHRISTMAS CARDS ARE TRADITION

Each year, thousands, or perhaps millions, of Christmas Cards are sent and received all over the United States. As familiar as this custom is to each of us, it is little less than one hundred years old.

Sometime in the 1850's, a famous British artist decided to make up miniature oil paintings for several of his friends. His friends were delighted, and the next Yuletide season, the artist painted cards for his friends to send to their friends.

And so the Christmas Card was born, and will be a tradition as long as there is a Christmas.

INQUIRING REPORTER

Question: When did you first learn there was no Santa Claus?

Answers:

Miss Smedley: "You mean there isn't any?"

"Pat" Frost: "When we moved to a house without a chimney and I still got presents."

"Rosie" Ceravolo: "Oh, just the other day during one of Big Rohl's fatherly speeches."

George Zubrick: "Dewey explained it all to me."

"Richie" Fabiniak: "When I peeked and saw my 'Dod' putting on the Santa Claus suit."

"Don" Lein: "When I was in J. N.'s to tell Santa what I wanted for Christmas; I yanked his beard and it came off."

Dona Albrecht: "I never thought there was one."

MAROON ORACLE

Sports:

Basketball has started, so you'd better all get your season tickets to the remaining home games still only \$1.00.

The Varsity is off to a bad start for the season. They bowed to Sloan in a non-league game 55 - 23, then traveling to Pine Hill tasted defeat 53 - 51. Their first home game proved unsuccessful only after a hard fought struggle against Hamburg 52 - 37.

The J. V.'s are doing better. They defeated Sloan on their own court 31 - 25. They also tasted defeat when traveling to Pine Hill 32 - 28. On their own court they proved very successful defeating a fast Hamburg team in the last 3 minutes of play 51 - 46. Frank

REVIEWIN' READIN' WITH RIPLEY

Two of the most interesting books of recent vintage have been done by well established authors. The first, "Flood-tide", by Frank Yerby of "Pride's Castle" fame, is a swashbuckling tale of adventure, intrigue, and romance in Louisiana.

Ross Pary, the hero, is a definite man. His instincts are toned down by carefully pursued culture, but they lie dormant, not dead. His brother, "Tom", is less restrained, but more easily hurt and destroyed. Morgan is a beautiful woman with brains, and a desire to see men suffer. Conchita is soft, alluring, and all together too saccharine to fit the Yerby tradition. Nevertheless, when all are placed in a pressure cooker, it takes Yerby to keep the cover from hitting the ceiling.

The second novel is "The Spanish Gardener" by A. J. Cronin. This short, but interesting, novel contains much food for thought and comes back to the reader long after it has been returned to the shelves. It involves a suspicious father, a wishful son, and a creator of beauty and hope, the gardener. A deep feeling of regard and love is firmly rooted between gardener and lad, which is not shaken by fears threatened by a criminal butler nor by inhibitions of a too-cautious father. It is not only a good evening's entertainment, but also something to think about for time to come.

Petrasio and Gerry Davies led the scoring with 20 and 17 points respectively.

Season's Greetings

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TAG LETTER

I was passing Mr. Hulbert in the hall the other day when he stopped me to inquire if I had read the "Maroon Oracle". Of course I had, and by the gleam in his eye, I knew he was enjoying the fact that he had tagged me. From now on, I shall ignore him in the halls!

I was born in Buffalo, New York, and graduated from Bennett High School in 1932. It wasn't until my senior year that I decided to make teaching my career. My four years at Buffalo State Teachers College seemed to pass in no time at all, and before I knew it, I was headed for my first teaching position at Millbrook, New York. Millbrook is a small picturesque little village northeast of Poughkeepsie on the Hudson River. In addition to teaching shop, I was "requested" to teach mechanical drawing, representation, design, and elementary algebra! I stayed at Millbrook for three years before I applied for my next position at Gro-

BUS TROUBLE

On the way to the Pine Hill game, Friday, December 8, the players' bus broke down. As a result, the students who were following in another bus had to let the players take their bus. We thought we would never get there, but we did, Depew came to our rescue and said they would take us after they had dropped their people off at Amherst. A good time was had by everyone, even though it did take about an hour and fifteen minutes to get there.

ton, New York.

Groton is an industrial community in central New York and is the home of the Smith Corona typewriter plant. My teaching assignment there narrowed down to shop and mechanical drawing. While at Groton, we used to pass through Lancaster driving back to Buffalo during vacation periods, and many times my wife and I mentioned that it would be nice if I were teaching at Lancaster. How grand it would be to be that near our original home! After three years at Groton, I accepted a position to teach at Wayland, New York, not too far south of Rochester.

Wayland is the home of the Gurlocke Chair Company. We use some of the Gurlocke desks and chairs in our school. Seven years at Wayland almost made us feel that it was our permanent home. While there, I started graduate work at the University of Buffalo, and last February I was awarded a Master of Education degree from the "U. B".

Accepting a position to teach here last year fulfilled that desire that we used to talk about years ago. Thus, I've brought you up to date in my background, and those who are mentally quick in arithmetic could figure out my approximate age! In the style of Jack Benny, let us say that I've just passed my thirtieth birthday!

I hereby tag Mr. Richardson. Let's hear from one of the "younger" members of our faculty!

ART NEWS

L. H. S. welcomes the new practice teacher, Miss Betty Bryant, from Buffalo State Teachers' College. She will assist Miss Bates in the Art Department. Miss Bryant will graduate in June, 1951.

PARTY NEWS

And a good time was had by all! That briefly describes the pizza party given last week at Rose Ceravolo's for a group of senior girls and one privileged junior. Entertainment? Well, if you had looked closely the next day, you would have noticed several girls whose hair was shorter than before.

Miss Van Name and Mr. Jamieson will vouch for the excellent quality of food.

SOPHOMORE NEWS

The sophomores are now sure of their officers. The class has decided on the students who will help us make our plans for the year.

President: Ray Lipski

Vice President: Carl Bellas

Treasurer: Lois James

Secretary: Mary-Ellen Rusher

The sophomores would also like to remind everyone of our coming magazine sale. It will be in the next few months. So, save your money "kids," and tell your folks about it, too.

Sophomores seen at the Sadie Hawkins Dance were:

"Dolly" and "Archie"

"Jeannie" and "Bob"

"Jimmy" and Ann

Betty and "Rich"

Janice and "Eddie"

"Doie" and "Ronnie"

Carl and Gloria

"Lefty" and "Peggy."

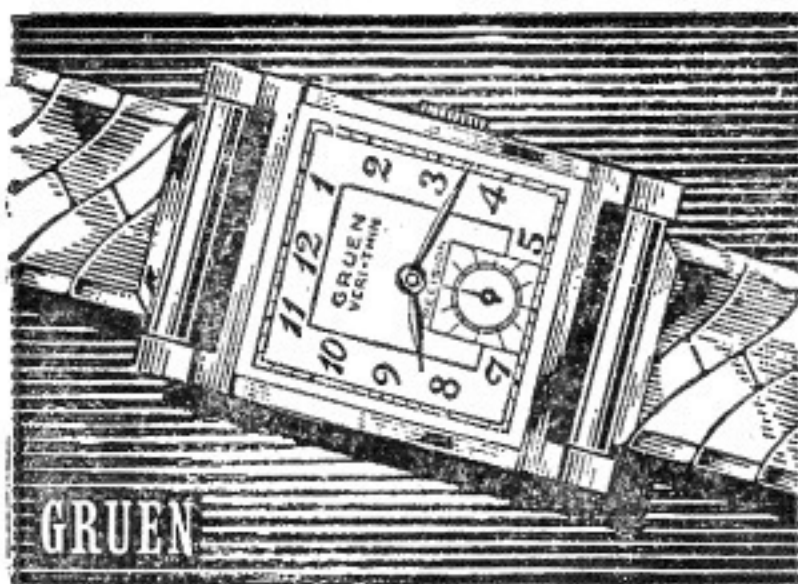
TEEN AGE CLUB CHRISTMAS PARTY

The Teen Age Club invites all its members and Teen Agers to their annual Christmas party December 23, from 8 to 12, at the club.

Admission is a 25c novelty gift that later in the evening will be distributed by Santa himself. Refreshments will be served. Games and dancing contests will be held. There will be fun for all.

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A LETTER TO SANTA CLAUS

At sweet sixteen I first began,
To ask you, Santa, for a man.
At seventeen you will recall,
I wanted someone strong and tall.
The Christmas when I reached eighteen,
I fancied someone hard and lean.
At nineteen I thought I'd find,
Romance in someone with a mind
When I turned twenty in the fall,
I dreamed of someone dark and tall.
And when I came to twenty-one,
I found the college boys most fun.
I retrogressed at twenty-two,
And longed for someone who'd be true.
The year I turned just twenty-three,
I wanted one who'd be kind to me.
I begged at blaze twenty-four,
You'd send me someone who wouldn't bore.
And now, dear Santa, that I'm twenty-five,
Just send me someone who's alive.

L.H.S. HIT PARADE

"Ronnie" Mills — "That Big Midget From Marilla"
Luanne Adams — "I Cross My Fingers"
Joan Piesecki — "Need You"
Frank Germain — "Thinking of YOU"
"Rich" Dyer — "Thinking of You'se"
"Sudzy" — "Thinking of You"
Joan Grace — "Hold Me"
Shirley Cassillo — "Are You Lonesome Tonight?"
"Bud" Schroeder — "Angie the Christmas Tree Angel"
Shirley Muscarella — "Why Don't You Haul Off and Hit Me One More Time?"
"Dave" Colling — "Lazy Bones"
"Teddy" Fabinak — "Some-day"
"Johnny" Eberth — "Again"
Don't forget to keep the requests rolling in."

HOLIDAY HUMOR

Morley Daehn: "Pick that splinter from under my nail."
Frank Petrasio: "Sure, what have you been doing?"
Morley: "Scratching my head."

Miss Diana: "Why were the Middle Ages in History called the Dark Ages?"

Shirley Klinkman: "Because there were so many knights."

"Ken Mac David: "Why does 'Kathie' wear that horrid tasting lipstick?"

Paul Wrobbel: "Protective coloring, I suppose."

Miss Davis: "Why do the leaves of this book stay together?"

"Fish" Velocci: "They're bound to."

Mr. Kelleher: "Can you give me a word or phrase from one of the dead languages?"

"Bill" Golus: "Have another drink on me."

"Jim" Setter (fiercely): "I'm certainly going to kiss you before I go."

Sue Barnhart (more fiercely): "Leave the house at once!"

"Ronnie" Volker was seen running frantically around the sink looking for something in Chemistry.

Mr. Wright: "What is the matter, Ronald?"

"Ronnie": "Mr. Wright, where did formalde-hide?"

Dolly Nichols: "My boy friend is going to give me a lot of things for Christmas."

Shirley Muscarella: "How do you know?"

Dolly: "I've bought most of them already."

PACK YOUR DAY!

A day is like a trunk. You can put twice as much into it, if you know how to pack it. The right way to pack a trunk is not to dump the stuff in the middle, but to pack it tightly in the corners and sides. Last of all, pack the middle part.

There is a right way to pack a day, too. A man can do nearly twice as much if he appreciates what he can do in five minutes — if he fills up the corners. The man who accomplishes the most has no more hours in the day than do you or I. He too must do the same routine things daily that we do — but — he "packs his day."

DIZZY DEFINITIONS

OGPU — Slang denoting bad smell.

DP — Tent used by American Indians.

Izvestia — Tailor talk, as in sentence, "He took the coat and pants but left Izvestia."

Aggression — What you ask before you get an answer.

Snorkel — A sound in the night.

Elbe — The part of the arm that bends.

Riga — Usually precedes "mortis".

Ordeal — What an ideal becomes after you marry him.

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